Wednesday[7], 18 *April*

Have found the right paper for writing *La Porte etwite* and begun copying. Three pages.

Monday[9] *23 April*

This morning I put my papers in order, for they had been accumulating in disorder; read the papers of the last few days, took some notes, and clipped some articles. This afternoon, tired out, I slept an hour; read Blum's indifferent short story, back numbers of reviews, etc. . . .
Finished the volume of Flaubert *(Lettres a sa nidce).*

ZTApril

I cling to my work; but allow myself to be distracted, and, in spite of myself, even seek to distract myself.

Leon Blum's *thought* has lost all interest for me; it has become merely a subtle instrument that he lends to the demands of *his cause.*

It is a long time since I had read any book of criticism that satisfied me as much as this excellent book by Paul Desjardins. After his *Poussin* I am reading his *Corneille* and without any haste to reach the end.

I am rereading *Madame Bovary.* The difficulties that Flaubert plans to overcome are all of the same order, and to reduce them Flaubert always finds the same common factors.

Since yesterday we have adopted a poor black poodle that was starving to death and prowling around our door for three days. His coat is all thick and matted from the plaster debris on which he has been sleeping in the house that is being built next door. At two a.m, Em. makes me go down to see if he isn't barking in the cellar, where we locked him up. I don't think he is intelligent, but he is affectionate.

I have bathed, I have soaped my poor dog in my tub. I hoped that cleanliness would give some luster to his coat! But now he looks more than ever like a blind man's dog. And I who wanted a

pedigreed dog,
I've got what was coming to me! No matter; it is time to learn once more
to prefer the events that choose me to those I should have chosen myself.

Saturd
ay
After a period of passable work, went out to call on the good La
Perouse, whom I knew to be alone that day. I leave hfm just in time to
go and pick up Copeau as he leaves the Petit Gallery and walk home
with him, before dining myself at Auguste Breal's.
Very nice dinner, with the Philippe Berthelots, Moreas, Bonnard,
and a sculptor whose name I didn't recognize.